

THE  
Third Part  
OF THE  
AMOURS  
OF  
Messalina.

WHEREIN,

The Secret Intrigues of the Four last Years  
Reign are Completed.

AND THE

Love Adventures of *Polydorus*  
King of the *Gauls*,

AND THE

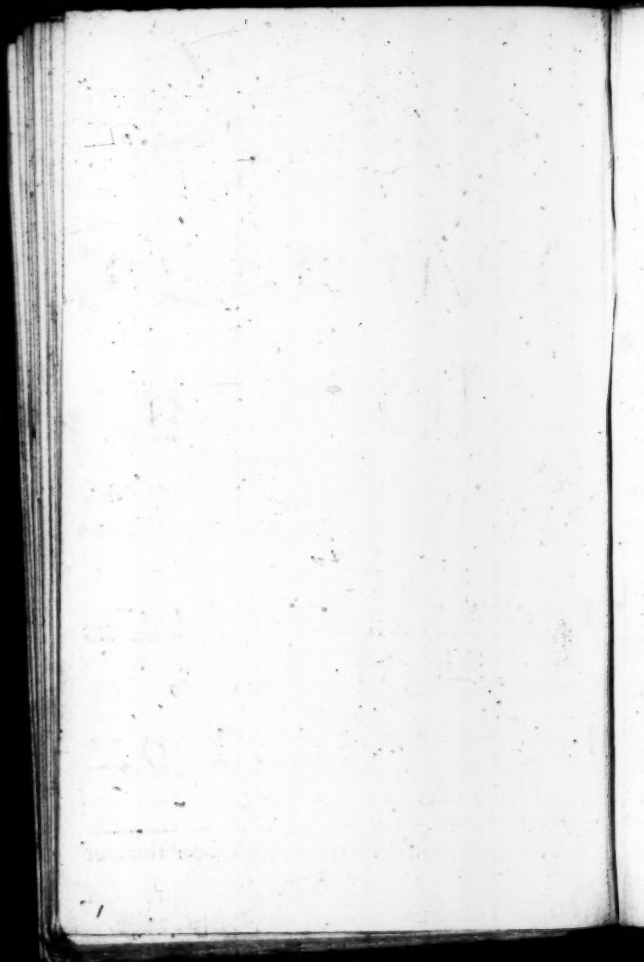
Late Queen of *ALBION*,  
Made Publick.

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By a Woman of Quality, a late Confidant of  
*Q. MESSALINA.*

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LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.



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THE  
Bookfeller  
TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Promis'd, and long Expected  
Third Part of the Amours of our  
*MESSALINA*, is here at your  
Service: And though some Criticks  
I am inform'd (and indeed my Sale tells me as  
much) have not put an equal value on the two  
foregoing Parts, the Second lying under the Re-  
pute of much Inferiour to the First: My Histo-  
rian makes no other Apology, than that the Fair  
Messalina had so many Engines at Work, in  
turning that great Hinge of the Pagan Glory,  
Her Warming-pan Plot; and her Hands and  
Head so full of Politicks on that Important Oc-  
casion, that She then wanted Leisure for Intrigue

The Bookseller to the Reader.

and Amour; which indeed being the main Delight of the Generality of my Readers, might perhaps lessen the Satisfaction expected from the Second Part. But since her Majesties Departure from the Heretick Albion, has Translated her to a more agreeable and natural Element, the Pagan Court of Gothland; her heavier and sullen Business she begins to shake off, and resumes the lighter Air of Love and Pleasure. And accordingly we dare, without Vanity, assure our Kind Reader, That the former Defects are supplied in the Entertainment of this Third Part of her History. An Amorous Polydorus, little less famed under the Banners of Cupid, than the sometimes Glorious Britomard himself, lying at the Feet of the Adored Messalina, affords a little more Matter of Adventure and Diversion. With this Recommendation to our little Volumn of the Great Messalina, We beg your present generous Acceptance. And if you find your Messalina warm with any extraordinary Spark for the Imperial Polydorus; you are to consider, that the Sanctuary and Glorious Reception she meets in the Court of her ever firm Friend, the King of the Gauls, have Inspired her with no small Gratitude to that **MOST PAGAN** Heroe, and Champion of her Altars,



## The Third PART.

**L** O V E could no longer brook this interfering Business in the Court of *Albion*; for seeing with Indignation, how Ambition daily had intrench'd on his Prerogative, he reassumes his long neglected Darts, and vows severe Revenge on his Rebellious Subjects. And now *Messalina's* haughty Heart, which vast aspiring Hopes had long engaged, softens again in Gentleness and Love: She had seen the Languets of her Charming Count, and heard his gentle Murmurs with Compassion; she knew the great restraint he forc'd upon his Heart, when by reason of her numerous Attendants, and Visitours, he had not opportunity to breath his Love; sometimes a Wink, an Amorous Look, or Sigh, she would by stealth return; or otherwise, in some Ambiguous Words, she would discover her Concern and Care, for his endearing Passion; but in such dumb shows alone, as there were more than Three Weeks spent, e're she could possibly engage, or speak with him alone. During which time, her Beauty, with the Satisfaction of her Mind, was much improved; and that forc'd Abstinence, which her pretended Child-bearing had made her undergo, conduc'd as well to carry on the Cheat, as to revive some fading Glories in her Face, caus'd by the Fears and Apprehensions of Miscarrying. Now, in Triumphant Wife, she'd Walk, and Look, and with Disdainful Jest,

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among

among her Confidants, Laugh at the weak dull *Christians* of the Court. Come Dear *Aspasia*, would she say, let us no longer doubt of good Success; let's every Year bring forth a Son, and stock the Kingdom with a Race of Pagan Princesses; shall my aspiring lofty Soul, stoop to the nice Destructive Rules of their insipid Morals? One slight of Pagan Fancy quite out-strips their heavy tedious Motions; and till now, our Fears alone have been our Bugbear Apparitions: With how much ease, did we Contrive and Finish, what some faint piny hearted Creatures thought impossible? Oh how I am pleased to think how naturally I manag'd the Intreague: Didst thou observe, how gravely some would stand; and when my feigned Groans and Cries, would reach their Ears, how then Officially they'd shake their Heads, devoutly lifting up their Hands, and pray for my Delivery? Then, when my seeming Pains would make me faintish, with what Concern they'd Sigh and Whisper, while I would gently grasp, and turn to thee, and smile at the Success of our Invention. Come, Come, let's see this Darling of our Hopes, this Ground-work of our Everlasting Joy; long Live, and Live to Reign, my little blooming Life, and Live to be the Scurge of our Cruel Christian Foes; I'll swear thee, like another *Hambal*, their Mortal Foe; each drop of Milk thou suck'st, shall breed an Age of Malice in thy Heart; A Christian's Name shall grate upon thy Soul, and thou shalt prove the Plague of their Profession; I'll breath my Spirit through thy tender Pores, and make thy hatred of them Everlasting; Down, down ye Pagans, to your Great Deliverer; Adore your Mighty Prince, and your Redeemer: See how the base dejected Christians shrink; see how they Tremble at his Awful Frown: Albion is once again Redeemed, *Aspasia*, and now my Crown sits firm and easie on my Head. Thus in Vain Raptures would the Queen break out, and boast her Promises to be Propheticall; but soon, alas, she found her self deceived, and all her Glorious Promises vanish of a sudden. *Anaximander*, and the Princess *Artemisia*, while *Licogenes*, and his

his *Pagan* Councillors, continued only to make some small Encroachments, and Breaches on the Laws of *Albion*, seemingly designing, for no more than a small Toleration of the *Pagan* Religion in *Albion*, kept themselves within all bounds of Modesty and Submission, to the King their Father; only in some small Remonstrances, they did Declare their Unwillingness to appear Parties in the Annulling, or Dispensing with those Laws, made purely for the Security of the *Christian* Religion, against the Practices and Contrivances of the *Pagans*; but when they plainly saw, their Own, and the Kingdoms Interest, resolved to be made a Sacrifice to the Ambition, and Covetousness of a small Party, that by the known Laws of the Land, were declared the irreconcilable Enemies of the *Christians*; they thought it then high time to look about them, and though they paid all the Reverence imaginable to the King, their Father; yet they could not resolve to yield their Rights and Inheritance, and hold precariously their Estates, at the Discretion of an *Anti-Christian* pack'd Council; besides, by several Remonstrances and Petitions from the Chief of the Nobility and Gentry, they had been solicited to take them into their Protection, and to endeavour a Redress of their Grievances, and heavy Oppressions. *Anaximander*, being a Prince of a Vast and Generous Spirit, was easily induc'd to condescend to their Relief; for, besides his proper Interest in the Crown of *Albion*, which by the common Principles of Nature, he was obliged to Maintain and Defend; he often would revolve on the Glory of the Action, and how Heroick and God-like it would shew, to appear the Great and Glorious Champion of the *Christian* Religion, which by a Secret League, between *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*, and the King *Licogenes*, was resolved to be wholly Extirpated, and Routed out of *Europe*. Upon these Considerations, the Prince *Anaximander* immediately impresses his Desires and Resolutions

to the High and Mighty Lords and States of the *Low-lands*, desiring their Lordships Advice and Assistance in a Matter of that Importance, to the Security of themselves, as well as all other *Christians*; which upon due Considerations, they with all Alacrity imaginable Grant: And now the Prince having a Gallant, though small Fleet, equipp'd with all the speed that could be, makes for the *West of Albion*, and with such prudent Secrecy were all things managed, that *Lycogenes* had not the least Intimation in the World of his Designs, till his Fleet was ready to Sail. *Messalina* had, that Night the fatal News arrived, assign'd Count *Davila* to meet her at *St. Jaques*, and the Marchioness *de Tomazo* in the Absence especially of *Aspasia* (who a while before was gone over to her Husband *Latroon*, Governour of *Iberia*) being her chief Confident, was order'd to attend. The Count, who had once or twice been Tardy in the Hour appointed, thought now by early Diligence to make amends, so that by Twilight he was gotten up into the Bed-Chamber, being a private Retirement for *Messalina*, during the King's Absence at any Time, or her Indisposition; where sitting down near the Bed, he waited with Impatience for the Queen; and in the mean time, was contemplating on the Happiness of his Enjoyments; by this time, Darknes had o'er-spread the Earth, and the Marchioness being to give the Orders for the Candles of that private Apartment, especially at that season, the Count found himself for some time very solitary, and without Light, and being about to make to the Door, he heard some stirring and breathing on the Bed, when drawing the Curtain softly, he could just perceive by her Cloaths, it was a Lady fast asleep; the Count was mightily amaz'd at first, but recollecting himself, he thought it doubtless was the Queen, who had retired thither before the Hour appointed, and had prevented even his Diligence in coming; so without scruple, throwing himself on the Bed, he clasps  
the

the supposed *Messalina* in his Arms, and having in his first Transports run with his curious Hand o'er all the private Recesses of her Charms, he was just preparing to attack the Fort, mingling with his Kisses, his short Amorous Sighs, foretelling Transports, Extracies and Dyings; when *Messalina* hastily comes in with a small Taper in her Hand, and calls: *Tomazo*, is not my Dear Count yet come, *Tomazo*? The Marchioness at the very Instant, whether the Amorous bustling of the Count had operated on her waking Fancy, or whether by the Impression of some pleasing Dream, she was thereto incited, Cryed passionately out, "Make haste my Dear *Antonio*, "make haste, the Marquess will be here and Ruine us. The Queen who had heard her speak those last Words, by this Time had opened the Curtain, and there discovered the Count, raised on his Knees between *Tomazo's* Leggs, and in a posture which plainly discovered the drift of his Intentions; never were Three Persons (for by this Time the Marchioness had wak'd) so severally astonished and confounded; the Queen with Shame had shown her Face glowing Red, and then with Anger straight grown Pale; the Count, though in that awkward Posture, was so much confounded, he could not move himself, nor had the Sense to cover the Marchioness, or his own Nakedness; but between Wonder, Anger and Fear, was wholly bereft of even Sense or Motion: The Marchioness, whose Age and Experience had rendered her familiar with the same or the like Adventures, was not so much Ashamed of being seen in that Condition and Posture, as Apprehensive of the Queen's Resentments, if, as was probable, she should suppose any Amour between her and the Count, her Lover, and whom she had but that Night appointed, and design'd for her own Use and Service. In such distracted Thoughts and Manner, did they for a great while stand and gaze, and wonder at one another, without one Word between them, till

at last the Queen, whether heightend in her Fancy, with the pleasing sight and intended Action of the Count, or upon due consideration, believing and judging, by the Words she had heard the *Marchioness* utter, that it was wholly a mistake on all sides, burst out in Laughter, and turning her Face a little, told the Count in Drollery, the Weather began to be Cold, and therefore he would do well to take care and cover his Mistress and himself. The Count with this short reprimand was thoroughly wak'd out of his Trance, and slipping off the farther side of the Bed, was bustling a long time to put himself in order, while the *Marchioness*, half distracted, rises and pulls the Curtains close about her; which the Queen seeing, She calls out to her: *What Tomazo! You are resolv'd then to keep the Count to your Self this Night*; and making to the Bed, She threw the Curtains again open, and discovered *Tomazo* in a fresh Confusion: By this time the Count had gathered a little more assurance, and coming from behind the Bed, he strait threw himself at *Messalina's* Feet, humbly ask'd her Pardon, and told her, he hop'd she was not insensible of the fatal mistake he had like to have fallen in; and consequently, he doubted not of her favourable Interpretation; he was sorry he had first appeared in so indecent a Posture, and his continuance therein, She could not but believe the consequence of his Astonishment. The Queen, who upon a just consideration of the Circumstances, was sufficiently satisfied of his Innocence, was so far from being angry or disturb'd, that after two or three fits of Laughter, She threw her delicious Arms about his Neck, and with Ten Thousand Kisses Seal'd his Pardon: then turning to her dear *Tomazo*, She would Laugh, and say, *Mike haste my Dear Antonio, make haste*; O Dear, my Husband comes! Alas, What shall we do? we are ruin'd Dear *Antonio*. Thus did She Droll on the poor *Marchioness*, 'till the Count put-

putting her in mind of the time of the Night, they were retiring to the Closet to Converse, when a Messenger from *Alba Regalis*, comes in haste, to give an account of an Express, *Lycogenes* had receiv'd from the *Belgian Lowlands*, giving an Account of the Preparations and Designs of the Prince *Anaximander*, to come and redress the Grievances of the poor *Christians* of *Albion*: the Queen (who was no otherwise read in the Politicks and Affairs of State, than as *Father Pedro*, the *Count*, or some other of her Priests upon particular occasions had Instructed her) was not at first so apprehensive of the Danger as the *Count*, who was so vehemently startled at the News, that without any more Complement than Bowing to the Queen, he descends and takes Coach for *Alba Regalis*; where he was no sooner Arrived, but he found the whole Court Alarm'd; and *Lycogenes* in Solemn Council was gone to Debate the Business: The next Day the News was confirmed by another Express, and then all was in an Uproar; *Lycogenes* in a great Fright comes to Council, tells them his apprehensions of *Anaximanders* Design, requires their best and speedy Advice, puts them in Mind of all the Breaches he had made in the Laws for their Sakes; and that now, without speedy Assistance, he was likely to be ruin'd, and the *Pagans* Hopes throughout *Albion* to be utterly lost. Such dreadful Words as these, and coming from a Prince that had been in every *Panegyrick* cry'd up and applauded for his Constancy of Mind, and Invincible Courage, did so amaze and terrifie his Counsellors, that they could not in a long time set their Hearts on any serious Consultation; some of them withdrew, then in again; presently others that had been absent, came Posting to understand and enquire into the Business; some would relate it as terrible as their Fears, and represent the numbers of the Princes Ships and Men double; here you should see a haughty Stiff-

necked Priest, come humbly fawning to a Christian Noble, as if confessing past Mis-carriages and Crimes, he wish'd for good Conditions: Some would be packing up their Goods and Treasure, their guilty boading Consciences fore-telling their forc'd Flight and Ruine: But *Pedro* and *Poliorchetes*, the Chancellour, who were sensible they were likely to share the sum and substance of all unhappy Revolutions, thought it now no longer time to dally, or spend the precious Minutes in useles idle Fears, but to apply the most healing Medicines, that the present bleeding Wound would bear; and accordingly perswade *Lycogenes* to re-call several Edicts, that by their Instigation and Council had been promulg'd against the Interest and Safety of his Christian Subjects: And Father *Pedro* calling a Convocation of his Inferiour Priests, makes them Dis-robe, and in disguise to mingle among the Christian Assemblies, in the *Forum*, *Burse*, Temples, and other publick Meeting-Places, and there with Confidence to utter false Reports, to lessen the Strength of *Anaximander*, to cry up the miseries of a Civil War, to Extol the Loyalty of the King's Christian Subjects, to make comparison between young *Perkin's* Expedition and this, and thence to conclude positively of the like success: The Court party also of Renegado Christian Divines, were order'd to Preach up the necessity of Obedience and Loyalty, to withstand the Prince in his Attempts, and to brand his Expedition with the horrible Title of *Invasion*. These, and many other Arts were used to take off the Edge of *Anaximander's* Sword; sometimes they'd Brand His Royal Person with base and ignominious Names; other times they would think to terrifie the Rebels (as they would call all that should assist him) with the Exemplary Punishments, inflicted by the Chancellour *Polyorchetes*, in his bloody *Western Campaigne*: But all would not do, the Christians knew the

*Pagan*



*Pagan Punick Faith*, as well as *Inhumane Cruelty*, they saw their *Laws*, their *Liberties*, and *Lives* at Stake; and that now was the only time to assert and recover them; the *Pagan Priests* had often mock'd the King out of his most Solemn Promises, and *Messalina* had endeavour'd to entail their *Slavery* upon them to all Posterity. Nothing therefore could stagger their former Resolutions, but like the *Adder*, they were Deaf to all their treacherous Charms, and false Insinuations: *Notwithstanding*, *Messalina's* dauntless *Pride* could not 'till the *Princes* Landing sloop to the apprehension of any material Danger; she'd often chalk out time and place to see the fond weak Prince brought bound to *Troynovant*; She'd Laugh and Jeer at his few puny Forces, and would in every Table Talk defeat his whole Battalions; sometimes She'd call her Melancholy Lover, whose deeper apprehensions, now had chang'd his usual Mirth; sometimes, I say, She'd call him to her, and reproach his needless Fears: *What?* would She say, *Can Davila suspect or fear, when Messalina's Heart is free? Can thy so much applauded Courage stoop to what a poor weak Womans Soul can stand? Stand did I say? By all that's good, this Hand shall bow the Neck of that poor Spirited Prince, that weak presumptuous Wretch, that dare Invade my Husbands losty Crown: What my Dear Davila, canst thou lament? Hast thou a Diadem to loose, a Throne to be pull'd down, Subjects and Slaves to be destroyed before thy Face? These may create a Monarchs doubts and fears: What then should thy Eyes swell with needless Tears? Remit, remit, alas, thy useless apprehensions! I sure am the Center of thy Thoughts: In me thy utmost Wishes are determined; while then I stand secure, What need'st thou fear? Cheer up, cheer up, my dear lov'd Count; let us not lose our present happy Minutes, for vain weak doubts of future Cares and Sorrows.*

The *Count* both wondred and rejoyced at the great Heroick Heart of his beloved Royal Mistress; and tho' he knew, and was perfectly sensible that her words were rather the effect of her dauneless Spirit, than of a solid Consideration; yet he saw so much Love express'd in her frequent concernment for him, that he could not but in common Gratitude and Honour, make her the same, or suitable returns; he therefore told her Majesty, That his apprehension of being separated from her, was without doubt, a sensible affliction to him; but above all he deplor'd his great unhappinefs, in not being able to afford more than his own personal assistance, to repell her own, and their great Prophet's Enemies; that he cordially wish'd the Prince *Anaximander's* undertakings might prove as frivolous and ineffectual, as she had declared them; that his great care of her Majesty's Safety and Honour, was the only Foundation of his Fear; that he did indeed object the worst to himself, but did not believe he had yet any reason to despair of the best; that he was sensible her super-eminent Merit had render'd her Obnoxious to the Slandrous reproaches and envy of the Wicked Christian *Albionites*; that the King her Husband's Zeal, in a good and pious Cause, had incurred the wicked Malice of his rebellious Subjects; and that if his Affairs (which Heaven forbid) should happen to fail, it would be the total ruine and destruction of his Life and happinefs, to think she should fall into the Hands of her Enemies, or be lessened in her Fortune or high Station; that therefore it was his humble and hearty request, that she would suffer himself, and some other select Friends, to consult and lay before her such measures for the security of her Person and Honour, as should appear to be most convenient; that providing against the worst, would be no hindrance of her enjoyment of the best; but above all, that she would give him her resolution and firm

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promise to let himself accompany and wait on her in all, and every Misfortune that possibly could befall her. *Messalina* was ravish'd with this so zealous and tender demonstration of her Dear Counts Love, and in a loving transport catching his Hand and Arm, she pull'd him to her on a Couch whereon she sat, where with unspeakable Raptures she would Circle her Snowy Arms and Hands, about his Neck and Waist; Oh! how she'd suck his Amorous ruddy Lipps and Cheeks, and with her Balmy melting Hand stroak, and press, and play with his Manly Neck, and Face, "Oh! could'st thou think Dear Cruel Heart, said she, that e're my Panting Soul could yield to part with thee, the Dearest, blest Fountain of it's joy; Fortune, indeed with rude or Impartial hands may catch and grasp my Shaken, Tottering Crown; but sure my Heart and Will, are still my own; and being mine, who Dare Pretend to Stop, or Claim what I resolve to Share, to Give, to Keep for only Thee. No, no, my Life, my *Davila*, continued she: "If Fate or Curst Inconstant Fortune have decreed my Separation from this Ill-bred Isle, Thou like my better Genius shalt attend me, thou like my happy Star shalt lead the Way: where e're we come we'll be each others Heaven, and in thy Bosom will I place my Land of Joy, and Rest. With these last words they fell together on the Couch, and tir'd with busie Love and Rapture, soon dropt into a gentle Slumber. Faithful *Tomaso*, in the mean time was hovering about the Out-Guards to prevent surprize, and to divert the access of any suspicious Persons: She had waited half an hour or little more, when comes a Messenger from King *Lycogenes* to *Messalina*, which brought account, the Prince was now at Sea, and with a numerous Fleet was making all the Sail he could for *Albion*: the *Marchioness* receives the Message, and all in Tears repairs with open Mouth to the Queens Closet: the Queen waking abruptly at the

Noise she made, starts up, and with a sudden Shriek alarm's the Count; *Anaximander* comes, Dread Sovereign cries the *Marchioness*, he comes with Speed and Power and Swears to Unravel all? O Mighty Operations! the Count who had hardly yet recovered himself, was looking about when he had heard the *Marchioness* declare he was come, and putting himself on his Guard, swore he'd Defend his Royal Mistress to the last; Oh! that his Single Fate, Cries *Mesalina*, were to be oppos'd to thine: Inspir'd by Love and my auspicious Prayers, how would'st thou crush his Puny Soul. Soon should'st thou nip these daring Christians hopes, and with one happy blow secure our Pagan Friends and Interest for ever. In the meantime *Lycogenes* in late and early Councils, was contriving how to stop this overflowing Current of the Princes designs; he had observ'd an unusual blitheness in all his Christian Nobles Faces, and was sensible that the Prince *Anaximander* could not presume to attack the *Albionites*, without very good Incouragement from the Grandee's: however, with all his industry he was not able to learn out who were *Anaximanders* Abettors in this bold design; Father *Pedro* and others of his Anti-Christian Council were advising him to lay hold on, and secure all that he could but in the least suspect; but this being controverted was found too Violent, and more than the present Circumstances of affairs could bear; others suggesting the doubtful Loyalty of the great City of *Troynovant*, 'twas thought advisable to secure the Citadel, in some Peculiar trusty hands, and thereby to scare that Populous and Powerful Place into a just Obedience: this was found good and Feazable, and straight a new Commander is ordain'd, with secret orders how to manage things to the best advantage. In the mean time, the Prince *Anaximander*, steers away, and without any lett or hindrance, in a few days arrives safe at a convenient Haven, in the West of *Albion*; and now the Thread of Poor *Lycogenes* his Fate be-

began to crack, now he could plainly see the errours of his Government, and when it was unhappily too late, might Curse the base designs of his pernicious Counsellors : now was he forc'd to stoop that Glorious Lofly Heart, which dauntless heretofore had braved the mightiest force of *Europe*. How was he chang'd, alas, from that brave Invincible *Lycogenes*, that did through Clouds of Smoake and Fire, Charge through the *Belgian Fleet*, and with fresh Lawrels Crown'd, return'd in Triumph to his joyfull Country : now every little *Western* breeze that heretofore did serve to blow and kindle up his flaming Courage, like some cold Pestilential air damps his Mif-giving Soul ; now Poor, forsaken of himself he stands, Conscience alone of Ills past done remains his tiresome guest : Attend ye cursed race of wicked *Jebusites*, see the Prodigious effects of your Pernicious Councils, ye Cloggs to Crowns, and bane of Power.

*Empires to Shake, and Monarchs to Dethrone,  
Curst Race of Loyala's thy Work alone.  
Kings, Crowns, and States o're thrown ! no more ? alas ;  
Those Records fill not half thy Leaves of Brass.  
What need those stor'd up Coals (scarce worth Heavens while)  
For mighty Doomsday, Nature's Funeral-Pile :  
Let Thee but loose for th' Universe o're turning,  
Thy Single Brand would set the Globe a Burning.*

The Prince *Anaximander* no sooner appear'd with his Fleet, but the *Christians* all about the Country flock'd to the Shore, and with loud shouts and all other demonstrations of Joy, welcomed the arrival of their great Deliverer : and several with Boats stock'd with fresh Provision put off and dispers'd them about the Fleet, for the refreshment of the Seamen and Souldiers, and having provided before small Bridges and other conveniencies for the Landing his Army, and his Carriages, he found

himself in a condition within three days to draw up and muster his Men, who had by this time heartily recovered the Fatigue of their Voyage. *Lycogenes* in the mean time, though very much dejected, had taken care to levy a Gallant Army, and it was one while thought a very doubtful thing, to which, to ascribe the Victory. *Anaximander* had not brought with him above Fourteen Thousand Horse and Foot, but those indeed Experienc'd *Veterane Bands*, very Compleatly Arm'd; besides, *Lycogenes* before the Prince landed, had at least Thirty Thousand well appointed Souldiers, so that when he began thoroughly to compute his own strength, and his Enemies weakness, he thought to take heart, and resolv'd for the greater Incouragement of his Men to appear at the head of them himself, and withal speed to give his Enemies Battle, and hinder their further Progress into the Country; but alas, while he was flatter'd and amus'd with the strength and bravery of his own Army, *Anaximander* was mustering and entertaining the Choice Young Men of all the *Western Country*: for the People considering the Cause, and that their Liberties and Lives, were now their only last stake, they came flocking in so fast to the Prince, that he had in eight days more Substantial choice Men than he could handsomely make use of; besides, the Major part of *Lycogenes* his Army, being *Christians*, they could not but be sensible that those Swords that they should draw against their Brethren in the *West*, would at the long run be employ'd against their own Throats and Lives; and therefore, being already weary of submitting their Free-Born Souls to the Bondage and Tyranny of their *Pagan Officers*, they associate and take Council together how to free themselves and their Country, by either, laying down their Arms, or going over to the Prince *Anaximander*, and now the fatal Period of *Lycogenes* his Reign drew near, for first whole Companies, Troops, and Regiments of his Army revolt from him, and then

then his Friends and Near Relations, touch'd with the  
 sence of deeper obligations due to their Country, their  
 Religion and their God : Thus the Trump being turn'd,  
 the *Pagans* quickly find their disadvantage of the Game,  
 and in Confusion, like distracted Men fling up their  
 Cards, and scamper to secure themselves from payment.  
*Messalina* also to her Sorrow sees what hitherto she ne-  
 ver would believe; now *Pedro* finds the fallacy of his con-  
 clusions, while *Polyorchetes*, *Sunderania*, and others of that  
 wicked Grue curse their unlucky Stars, and seek in every  
 corner for some place of refuge : Poor *Lycogenes* flies in  
 confusion from his distant Foes, not able to endure even  
 the report of their approach : He that like another  
*Xerxes* saw himself begirt even with a world of Guards,  
 now flies bereft almost of necessary Attendance : He no  
 sooner arriv'd at his old Pallace of *Alba Regalis*, but in  
 hast he calls a Secret and Solemn Council of all his few  
 remaining Friends, and after such Debates as the time  
 would afford and permit, they resolve to send proposals  
 to the Prince, who like a Swelling Tide had now o're  
 spread the Country ; and the danger being grown be-  
 yond recovery, *Messalina*, at last thinks it high time to  
 prepare for her retirement, and with all speed provide  
 for her Security; the Young Child also by the advice of the  
 Council was to be nicely taken care of, being likely to  
 prove a very good after Game. The Queen therefore  
 immediatly sends for the *Count* to a private Conference,  
 who as greedily comes, in hopes to perswade her to a  
 speedy Flight : Just as he approach'd the Closet Door,  
 the Queen all in tears gets up, and not being able for a  
 while to speak, leans on his Neck, and after many grow-  
 ing Sobs and heavy Sighs, falls Fainting in his Arms :  
 never was Lover in so sad distress as was the *Count* at this  
 unhappy accident ; call out he dare not, for fear of any  
 Suspicion or ill interpretation of his being with the Queen  
 alone ; to go and leave her Dying as he thought, his

Soul could ne're agree to ; how to assist, what remedy to use, where to get any thing to apply he knew not: distracted thus he Tore himself, and Rav'd, and Curs'd his misfortune, then would he kneel by the Couch whereon he had laid her, and kiss, and sigh, and Pray, and call, till at last the Queen coming to her self open'd her dying Eyes, and casting a Languishing look at her Dear Count, who was now in a bitter Agony of Sorrow, and hardly able to support his oppressed Spirits, she rais'd her self a little on the Couch, and in a Sorrowful manner lifting up her Hands and Eyes, recounts a fresh the sum of her Misfortunes : All, all, is lost, Dear *Daniela*, said she, my Hopes, my Peace, my Joy, my Glories, my All. And if I have ought left me worth the Thought of Life, it is, that I enjoy thy Love. That Coronet's my own, though my Crown's lost. *Messalina* is now driven to the Fatal Period of her Grandure in *Albion*, a shock so dismal, that the Agonies of such a Fall, to such Soaring Ambition as *Messalina's*, are only to be conceived by those that feel them. In her fit of Desperation ( for 'twas almost come to that ) she is Mrs. however of Reason enough still to provide at least against the Worst of Shames, and Last of Miseries, her falling into her Enemies Hands, the *Christians*, a Danger at that Time much threatned ; the united Murmurs of *Albion* looking up to no other Fountain, and Original of the Woes and Calamities, of the Pittyed and Deplored *Lycogenes*, then the Hot Counsels, or rather Inchantments of *Messalina*, and her Pagan Abettors. And how heavy the weight of such an *Inquisition* would fall, even her Flatterers are but too sensible. Her Flight therefore, being now the last Plank she has to lay hold off to scape sinking, she prepares a small Diminutive Yacht, and hires (command she could not, so feeble is Sovereignty without Hearts) a handful of Select Seamen, all well bribed, and well sworn, privately, to waite her safe to *Gothland*, the only Sanctuary. ( Such

Uni-



Universal Enemies had her Politicks pull'd down) the  
 World could yield her. Oh Zeal, Zeal, mad Zeal! what  
 Humane Distresses, Miseries, Ruines are Thine, and  
 Thy only Creation?—Nay, is there scarce that one Con-  
 flagration, that ever set whole Nations in a Flame, that  
 has not been lighted by a Cole from an Altar? Unfor-  
 tunate *Messalina*, and deservedly so, the late Royal Pat-  
 rner, to no less than *Neptune's* Sovereign, the Oceans Lord,  
 and the still Terror of the World, had not Zeal, Insatu-  
 rating, Destroying, Dethroning Zeal, blazed out; Poor  
 misguided, deluded, hard-fated *Lycogenes*! This very  
*Messalina*, of all those Floating Castles, the late attend-  
 ing Pageants of her Triumph, all those once Impreg-  
 nable Famed Walls of *Albion*; lest Mistress of no more  
 than a poor Cock-boat! Instead of glittering Flaggs, and  
 flowing Streamers, ushered by all the *Tritons* of the  
*Main*, and as She pass, Saluted by all the Ecchoing  
 Thunder from the Shoar; now to Steal away by Nighr,  
 Skulk like a Fugitive, obscured by Shades and Coverts!  
 Yes, Destiny and Zeal have so Decreed it! For Sea  
 therefore (such her Equipment, and such the hasten-  
 ing Cause that call'd her) She prepares; and takes with  
 her, her *Tomazo*, *Suriderania*, Count *Davila*, *Sebastian*,  
 and *Pedro*, and some others of her Cabinet Friends;  
 the last Three only being a little Transformed, by Dis-  
 guises of Buff, Scarlet and Feather, metamorphosed in-  
 to down-right Militants: For indeed her Ecclesiastick  
 Confidants, especially Father *Pedro*, were grown so no-  
 toriously Infamous, that they durst not trust themselves  
 in their own Shapes, even with Sworn Hirelings and  
 Mercenaries; not Gold it self being sufficient to pur-  
 chase Trust or Safety. The Queen had but very little left,  
 to save and carry with her, except her Jewels; for truly  
 in spite of all that good Husbandry, that eminent and  
 singular good Quality in *Lycogenes*; yet what with Stand-  
 ing Armies, and no Taxes (for he neither lov'd or pleas'd

Senates enough, for any new Donations from them) and from the continual daily Dreine, he received from those innumerable Spiritual Horse-leeches, that hung upon his Purse-strings, his Exchequer was but low. *Messalina's* Jewels therefore, being all the Treasure she could save; those by Father *Pedro's* particular Advice, were committed to the Charge and Custody of an *Italian* Priest, recommended to her by him, as a Heavenly minded man, a Recluse from the World, and who as a Person under a Vow of Poverty, of a Character and Profession above any Temptation, was the only man she could best repose that Trust in. Thus Embarked, with their best Sails to their small Frigate; with a Fair Wind, and Prosperous Gale, they arrive at *Gothland*: for indeed the just Ordaining Powers, that had punisht her with the loss of a Crown, after so heavy a Wreck at Land, thought fit to bound their Indignation there.

From her Arrival in *Gothland*, the Scene begins a little to Change: For the *Pagans* there, with no small Homage and Adoration, resound her Welcome. The Entertainment she received, as peculiarly influenc'd by the Commands of *Polydorus*, was every where Splendid and Magnificent: I dare not call it his Bounty, or Generosity. For truly, all the utmost Services, Respect, Obligations, Protections, or Assistance; and indeed, all, and more then *Polydorus* has, or can do for *Lycogenes*, or *Messalina*, so near a part of him; are but poor and faint Returns, to compensate those Miseries and Sufferings, in which his own private Leagues and Cabals, and the too prevailing *Gallick* Counceils and Measures in *A'bion*, have involved the ruined *Lycogenes*. With a Noble Train of Persons of the Highest Quality, and a Band of Guards, a truly Royal Retinue, is *Messalina* Conducted to the *Gothick* Court; whilst *Polydorus* himself, with that solemn State and Grandeur, comes to meet her, and

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Congratulate her Arrival; paying her all that Humb'le and Profound Respect, and Awful Attendance, as if she came not from Quitting, but to the Possessing of a Diadem: So Pompous was her Entry, that scarce an Antique Roman Triumph could exceed it. And indeed she came to Triumph, the very first Sally of her Eye, bringing her back no less a Trophy, than the Heart of *Polydorus*. To give her her Right, even without Flattery; never was Conquest so Expeditious: No sooner was the very Lightning seen, but the Bolt had Executed. So Dazzling were her Charms, to the surpris'd *Polydorus*, that he truly dated his intire Vassallage, from the first Moment he saw her. His once Adored Dear Vestal Divinity, or his Haughtier *Montezana's* Charms, were nothing to the Influence of *Messalina*: so unaccountable is the Archery of the Blind God: For *Messalina* had been no Stranger to *Polydorus*: when before her Marriage with *Lycogenes*, in her Travel from her own *Italick* Dutchy, to the Kingdom of *Albion*, she took the Court of *Polydorus* in her way; yet, then her Beauties, though in their Younger Bloom, could be beheld without half the present Fatality. For, whether his then Regnant Vestal Mrs had so fill'd his Soul, as had left no Room for any other Guest, or for what Reason else; a common Veneration was all the Offering he made her then; when Sighing, Desiring, Languishing, Dying, whole Hecatombs are all too little Sacrifices now. In fine, so Capricious an Ascendant had his present Governing Planets, that that very *Polydorus* fared for the Dethroning of the Unfortunate *Lycogenes*; the same *Muchivilian* Part, before Practis'd against his Crown, must now be Acted against his Bed. For from this Hour, Friendship, Honour, Hospicality, (Obligations not the first time dispens'd withal by *Polydorus*) and all other ties quite cancell'd; the Possession of *Messalina*, though at the price of a Kingdom, is his whole and sole Ambition. For *Messalina* he Burns, and were her

Virtue a Rock of Ice; (which for ought he knows it may be); for though indeed he was no Stranger to all other her Intrigues and Affairs, however in her Curtain *Arcana*, her Amours, he was no Cabiner Counsellour; he resolves to melt it down; and that so far from a scruple at the Undertaking, that he should account it not only the sweetest, but the most glorious of all his Achievements. For setting all other Considerations apart, what *Polydorus* once but will'd, he could not will unjustly; his Ambition was Commission'd of his Conscience's High Chancellour, whilst to Desire was to Determine; and whatever but once Determined, took the immediate Stamp of Right and Equity to pass it into an irrevocable Decretal; insomuch, that the very Dethroning of a God, if once thought practicable, to desire it was enough to render it justifiable.

As there wanted no Magnificence in all her Entertainment from her first Landing, even before the Captivity of the enamour'd *Polydorus*, you may imagine no excesses of the highest studied Gallantry were omitted now. The Adored *Messalina* is Lodged in a Pallace so Glorious, as might have fitted the Reception of a second *Cleopatra* in all her Pride; and which her *Anthony*, the then Competitor for Universal Empire, and in all that Love that lost him the World for her, could not have furnish'd out more rich and Splendid: Nor did the Brightness and Richness of her Pallace consist only in the outside Wealth and Beauty of her Shining Beds, Embroidered Canopys, the richest of Tapistries, Cabinets, Scrivitores, &c. The unseen Treasures, outvying the glittering Frontispiece: In this Drawer of a Cabinet Fourty, 'tother Fifty, a Third a Hundred Thousand Pieces of Gold; a Fourth, Locketts of Diamonds, a Fifth, Ropes of Pearl, &c. And all to mean a Tribute to his Sovereign *Messalina*. And the

ly now we talk of Pearl and Diamonds, her own Cargo of Jewels, committed to the true and trusty *Italian* Priest aforeſaid, were under Suſpition of miſcarriage; both the Treafure and the Treafurer being at preſent Inviſible: We dare not ſurmize ſo unkindly, that Avarice, or filthy Worldly Lucre, could prevail upon ſo Sanctify'd a Reclufe from the World, under a particular Vow of Poverty; and above all, thought worthy (as we told you) of the peculiar recommendations of Father *Pedro*, could make *Him* tardy in ſuch a Caſe. But whether, on the more charitable ſide, by ſome impuſe of Religion he reſerv'd them for Holy & Pious Uſes; as to preſent them to the Shrine of the *Loretian* Diana, to implore from her Coeleſtial Benediction, her *Albion* *Majeſties* Conception of a Duke of *Eborac*, to her Prince of *Cambria*; or for any other like Dedication to Holy Mother Church, ſo it is, that he was no ſooner gotten on Shoar, but modeſt good Man, he withdrew, and was never ſeen after it. And notwithſtanding *Polydorus* publiſh'd an Ediſt, promiſing a very ample Reward to that Perſon that ſhould find him, and recall the Wanderer: Either his Divine Contemplations, and ſublimar Meditations, had rapt him above the liſtning to humane and mundane Proclamations; or elſe his Devout Pilgrimage had carryed him beyond the hearing of them, ſo that his Recallment is utterly Deſpaired of; inſomuch, that unleſs her *Albion* *Majeſty* be content to take out their Price in *Dirges* for her Soul, 'tis thought for any other Reſtitution or Payment, ſhe now hopes but little. *Polydorus* now begins his approach to *Meſſalina*, reſolving an immediate vigorous Siege, with all the Forces he can bring to lye down before her: His daily Viſits, Obſervance, and conſtant Attendance, which at firſt carried only the Face of common Gallantry,

and look'd upon by all Eyes as no other than the Generous Treatment of a Royal Hospitality to Greatness in Distress, and under his Protection ; are now both by his Looks, Behaviour, and Address, so Industriously managed, that *Messalina* (unless she wanted Eyes) must find that in the Assiduous *Polydorus*, there was something more than a kind Host, viz. an Adoring Slave.

The Queen now fully satisfied how great a Vassal her Eyes had won her, begins to consider the Wise Management of so Important a Conquest. *Polydorus's* Address and Personage, even abstracted from his Imperial Character, and the Luster of a Crown, were such as always stood fair in the Female Eyes, and render'd his Heart no dis-acceptable Present to the very Proudest and most Disdainful Beauty. And our *Messalina* who was neither the Coyest, or most Insensible of her Sex, already felt a Commiseration about her, that told her the Sighs of so Royal a Languisher must not go unpittied. Time, Assiduity, and Application, she plainly foresaw, would at last inevitably prevail ; and therefore fancying it no less than the Absolute Ordainment of her Fate, she has no farther Thought than an entire Resignation to Immutable Decree. However, though the Stake must at last be lost, yet the Playing her Game out Politickly, and managing her Cards to her best Advantage, are in her own Choice and Power. Yes, that, and that onely takes up all the business of her waking, and indeed sleeping Thoughts. The Terms and Conditions of a Surrender ; What Parly and Capitulations first ; what Resolution and Obstinacy (for the Victory must not be Cheap) she must hold out with, before the White Flag is at last to be hung out. Her Meditations on this subject had one Evening led her alone from all

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Company into an Inner and Private Walk of the Garden ; When *Polydorus*, whose unresting Soul had led his Body abroad too with much the same Contemplations, fortunately meets her. This opportunity as it gave him the Blessing of a more Private Interview, then before he had met, so it inspired him with the Courage of making a more ample and particular Declaration of his Love, then all his hitherto fainter and distant Addresses had made. Accordingly throwing himself at her Feet, in the Tenderest and most Passionate Expressions (the never wanted Eloquence of Love) he told her how intirely the Soul of *Polydorus* was subjected to the Eyes of *Messalina* : Nor did he more heighten the Progress of her Victories, & Power of her Charms, then the Fatality of them; that without a Return of Pity his Death was Inevitable, whilst his Peace, Happiness and Life were absolutely in her Hands. The Queen, whose part was now to Play, with a seeming Amazement, rather than a listening Attention, gave him the Liberty of finishing his whole Declaration ; when as Waking from a Frightful Dream, or Starting from a disturbing Vision, Good Gods, she cry'd, are not your Quivers Empty yet ? Have ye more Shafts reserved still for the unfortunate *Messalina* ? Is it not enough that your Persecuting Powers have Ravish'd an Empire from me, and Driven me out an Exile, a Wanderer of the World ; but I must yet fall lower ; low as the most abject of my Sex, when my Chast Ears must be Profan'd with the Rude Sounds of Lawless Love ; Oh ! *Polydorus*, Cruel *Polydorus*, has Misery and Ruine made the fallen *Messalina* so little, so despicably little — No, Glorious Madam, (Passionately reply'd *Polydorus*) so Great, so Divinely Great, that the Gods have singled you out to Weild their Thunder, whilst

*there's not one Bolt of Heaven that Strikes with Fate but Messalina's. Oh! Madam, if ever Compassion, Mercy, Charity, Enter'd the fairest Temple that ever Lido'd a God, have Pity on the Adoring, Kneeling, Dying Polydorus. My Life, — alas, my very Soul depends upon no other Doom but Messalina's; for if the Deaf, the Cruel, the Inexorable Messalina must not, cannot, will not Pity me, to Die is but half the Tribute my Despair must pay her: The Transports of a Passion like mine are such, that when I lose all Hopes of one kind Smile from Messalina, she leaves me abandoned to that Wild Torrent of unbounded Horrors, that less than the Abjuring of Humanity, the Excrating of Providence, and Cursing the very Authour of my Being, will be the fatal Consequences of my irresistible Desperation; a Desperation so hideous, that when I fall a Victim to her Scorn, will shut me out at once from Earth and Heaven. Messalina, not at all Displeased at so Passionate a Declaration, however to continue the Masque of a most Rigid and Obdurate Virtue, Reprimands him with all the Severeft Resentments imaginable, desires him, nay, Conjures him for ever to Cease a Suit so Fruitless, and a Thought so Impious, a Language that her unblemisht never shaken Virtue can so little hear, that rather then live within the Air of so much Guilt, her wounded Innocence must be forced to Fly a Cruel Court, and seek a Refuge in some kinder and more Hospitable Desert. Ah! Madam, reply'd Polydorus, Then you have Decreed Mankind must be undone! Shall Empires, Nations, People, have Peace, when I have none! No Madam, 'tis resolv'd that Messalina Hate, Scorn, Loath the Unworthy Polydorus. Yes, his Destruction, his Irrevocable Destruction's Sealed; and by the Malice of my Stars, the World shall Groan*



as I do. He was once more falling at her Feet, when a Princely Train of the Noblest Quality of the Gothland Court appearing in the Garden, interrupted him. He had scarce recovered Reason enough to suppress the too visible concern and disorder, that appeared in his Eyes, much less the Load that lay at his Heart, when one of his Generals Advancing from the rest of the Noble Company, threw himself at his Feet, telling him, *He was immediately in Obedience to his Royal Commands, setting forward to the General Rendezvous on the Banks of the Rhine, and came in Duty to Receive his farther Commission and Orders. Commission and Orders!* Answered Polydorus; *Why, Burn, Ravage, Ruine, Destroy; make Nations waste, and Kingdoms Desolate; spare neither Age nor Sex; but above all, where e'er thou meetst that loath'd detested Thing, that calls it self a Christian, double thy Fury there, Banish all thoughts of Pity or Remorse; be Bloody and be Canonized: Remember the Christian Pride is swell'd to Ulceration; and 'tis the Glory of our Sword to Lance it. And if thou meetest a Temple, lay the Accursed Consecrated Roof in Ashes; the God that fills it is my Enemy; and 'tis but Just my Vengeance Battail Heavens. If thou mak'st Treaties or Capitulations, my Orders are, you break 'em all: Betray and Conquer. Heav'n ne'er kept Faith with me, and 'tis but Reason, we the Vicegerents of the Gods should Copy their own everlasting Falsehood, and Reign Immortal Infidels like themselves. You have my Orders; to your Post; Obey and Prosper. The General, upon the Kings Command, makes his Humble Obedience to the King, and Retreats, Ruminating with some little Surprise on the severity of his present rough Commission;*

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which however, on what unknown occasion that had transported him into such Vehemence and Bitterness in the expressing himself, he nevertheless knew to be the true and constant Sense of that Great Monarch ; and all his former Orders, though perhaps something gentler and softer worded, carried in reality the same Contents and Mandats ; and accordingly in all Duty prepares to Execute.

But to return to our *Polydorus*, whose Tormenting Reflections on the Cruelty of *Messalina* had, withdrawn him from all Company to his Closet ; In all the Agonies of defeated Love, he could not yet intirely yield to Despair : Were her Virtue a Rock of Adamant : Nay, were she possibly as Deaf, as Pitiless, and Remorseless to all his Bleeding Sighs, as himself to a Dying Christians last Prayer, he will not quit the Siege yet. Accordingly not a day, nor scarce an hour passes that he does not Visit, Court, Sue, Plead, and spight of all Denials, all her Pleas of Virtue and Chastity, that Mountain Honour shall not block his way. Sometimes he Woes her with the Promis'd Restauration of her *Albion*, the Re-instating her in all her former Grandeur ; and if the Crown of *Albion* will not purchase a Smile, he'll throw his own in, to make up the Sum. In short, No Gallantry, Address ; no Protestations, Vows or Oaths, though ne'er so Extravagant, are wanting to pursue the Coy Disdainful *Messalina* : till one Morning in her Walk in the same Garden, his successful Rhetorick prevails ; or rather *Messalina* thinks she has now held out long enough to yield with Honour : For after his Repeated Protestations of the Crowns and Scepters he would lay at her Feet, and the Vassal World he would make her Mistress of ; He told her, *If Messalina would but Condescend to Crown his Love, he would pay his*  
*Acknow-*

*Acknowledgment of so Divine a Blessing, with no less a Sacrifice than a hundred thousand Christian Lives. A hundred thousand Christian Lives ! my Generous Polydorus, replied Messalina. Such Merit, such Transcendent Merit ! An Offering of that price enough to Court a Saint, and Win a Goddess. Such Eloquence is irresistible; nay, the name of such a Sacrifice so pleased her, that had the strongest Bonds of Conscience held her, that single Thought had burst the Feeble Manacle; and the offering of so much Heretick streaming Blood, were such an Atonement, as would not only expiate but consecrate the very Sin it self. So pleased and so conquer'd, she generously tells the Ravish'd Polydorus, That she will expect him at Vesper-time, when she will send all her Retinue to the Mosque to their Devotion, and Attend his Company in her Closet.*

*Polydorus being now Arrived at the Haven, just upon entring to the Inland of Paradise; the Hour, the Place, the Means and Opportunity all assigned for the Consummating of his Happiness; and what heightned the Charm, his Divine Messalina her self the generous Designer of the whole Scene of Felicity; the Plot, the Introduction and Conduct to this more than happy Meeting; so much her own, that possibly, our Amorous Monarch could not conceive more Rapture at the Queens Concession of her Highest Favours themselves, then at the Endearing management of the blest Minute to bestow them; even the Portal to Happiness being oftentimes with Lovers no less Ravishing, then the very Temple of Bliss, to which it leads.—In short, All things contributing to make him the Happiest Prince in the World; whether a Soul, so unbounded, as that of Polydorus, whom the Empire of the Universe ('tis very well known) would*

hardly satisfy, had the Transports of his Passion, as exalted as those of his Ambition; and was thereby elevated above the Common Height of an ordinary Lovers Extasy; let it suffice, his Joy, his unexpressible Joy was such, as burnt in his Face, and glowed in his very Eyes; and the expected Enjoyment of *Messalina* was at that Moment a Trophy above all the Conquests that either his Sword, or his more Victorious GOLD ever won him. But to leave our Royal Lover to all his Furious Longings, Impatient Expectings, and Restless Burnings, those Amorous crowding Attendants, that always make the Leading Cavalcade to the Coronation of Love: My Reader must be intreated to interrupt his Expectation of the success of this Grand Scene of our two Imperial Inamorato's, by the interposing of a little Comical Intrigue of *Lactilla*, the *Cambrian* Princes Nurse; which, whether by a Frolick of Fortune, for some particular Diversion of that Fickle Deity, or by meer common chance, it matters not; casually intermixing it self in this Sublimar Amour, must make up a part of our History.

It is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderness our *Messalina* has all along express'd for that dear Infant. But indeed, 'twas the subtlest part she had to Play, and therefore it must be Acted to the Life. In the late Storm that drove her from the last Kingdom of *Albion*, and cast her on the *Gallick* Shore, however that darling Infant, with all the Tenderest Care, was preserved from the Universal Shipwrack, and not only the honest Bric-kill Nurse that Suckled it, was carried over with the Queen, and her *Cambrian* Nursery; but also the very Warming-ban Midwife too, crost the Hering-pond with her Royal Mistress; and as some think very timely and prudently, for  
 fear

fear of that Inquisition from the Grandees of *Albion*, had she ventured to have staid behind, that possibly would have put her to that Test her Circumstances would not well bear ; though truly for a fairer Face to the World, 'twas Industriously given out , That her Majesty was with Child again, and therefore the Midwife's Attendance being her Majesties special Command, 'twas her Duty to wait on her Royal Mistress to what part of the World soever her Misfortunes should carry her.

*The Amour of Messalina with Polydorus, &c. (since Lycogenes Retiring to Ibernia,) swelling so big, we are forced to make the Compleating of the History the Subject of a Fourth Part.*

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**FINIS.**

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